Once Dominated

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Once Dominated

by TigerPrawn

Summary

> Le Chiffre doesn’t always want to be in control

Notes

> Not sure I've mentioned before, but my headcanon for these fics is that they are after Confessions for Luke, but it is a few years before Casino Royale, so Le Chiffre (Jean) is just starting to get in with organised crime.
>
> Beta’d by the amazing Victorine - thanks lovely <3

Le Chiffre knew that for the most part he was unshakable, and yet there were times when he also knew he acted cowardly. He avoided something, or ignored it. Let others pay for his mistakes. He knew his own faults and he knew that he didn't want to scare Luke off. So he managed his behaviour as best he could - treading a line without being untrue to himself. Luke had seen him hit someone before, he seemed to appreciate why. Perhaps it could have been avoided but Luke seemed to find it exciting as far as he could tell. Not that he was going to go out of his way to show off his physical abilities in front of him - he'd rather Luke never was in danger of being beaten. He had resolved to be as honest as possible, and if it scared him off then that was the risk, because he needed Luke to really know him.

When they reached his apartment Luke had asked if he could grab a shower after a long day at work, and seemed surprised that Le Chiffre didn't plan on joining him. Instead Jean had forced himself to mutter that they needed to talk once Luke was finished, that he needed to ask him something. Then Luke had disappeared to the bathroom with a worried glance.

The glance stabbed at Jean. They had been together almost three months, Luke was slowly gaining a level of comfort in being open about their relationship. But he knew it was still hard for him. It was the first time he'd truly allowed himself to explore his sexuality and be with a man like this. And Jean couldn't be more grateful. It was a delight to spend time with someone who had as deep an interest in numbers and finance as he did, and seemed vaguely amused by his often too-dark jokes. It was even more of a delight to get to take that person home and run his tongue all over their body.

He waited on the bed, just sitting, fully clothed though he'd removed his shoes when he entered the apartment. His black suit a little rumpled from a busy day. He loosened his tie and then rubbed his sweaty palms on his pant legs. He was nervous. More nervous than he had been the last time he had dealt with what he liked to call *a big time client* - the dangerous ones that he knew would eventually lead him into more money than he could possibly imagine. As long as he kept his head, in every sense.

Would this scare Luke off? He certainly wasn't inexperienced when it came to sex, though his experiences with men had been limited before he met Jean. And they had done plenty in the last few weeks. The evening that he had rimmed Luke on the desk in his office had quickly lead to Luke begging to be fucked. It was the first time for Luke, with anyone, which Jean had appreciated when he spent hours worshiping his body. Much of that carefully and gently opening Luke to him with his hands and mouth until Luke had been a writhing mess. They'd both cum pretty quickly, Luke already on the edge from the attention Jean had paid to his prostate. They'd never switched though he'd tried to make it clear that he was happy either way, but Luke seemed a little intimidated by it. And Jean understood - he had been the same when he was first with a man - it was easier in some ways to be on the receiving end than the pressure of having to open someone right but also enjoyably. It had taken him a long time before he was comfortable with rimming somone. It was intimate and he didn't always find it enjoyable. Of course with Luke, he could do it all day long every day and still never get enough. Which seemed pretty good to his boyfriend too, as far as he could tell.

He was lost in thought when the shower turned off.

"What was it you wanted to ask me?" Luke walked from the bathroom with only a towel around his waist, his skin and hair still a little wet. "You said when I came back you needed to ask me about something... Should I be worried?"

"No, I…" He had resolved to just say it, just ask it and see where they went from there, or didn't - but his phone suddenly rang in his pocket. He huffed out a sigh and fished it out. Raul - this couldn't be good.

"What? This had better be important." He listened to the nonsense on the other end of the line. "So, you have called me to say you can't handle this? Then handle it!"

As the call continued and he shouted at the incompetent underling on the other end of the phone he looked at Luke. He was being watched with an intent fascination by the man slowly drying himself. He seemed a little flushed and when he pulled off his towel to dry himself further, Jean could see he was already hardening.

"Just do it. Don't call me back." He hung up the phone and just stood there, captured by the hungry gaze in those eyes as Luke's hand moved to his length and palmed it slowly.

"You know… when you're in charge like that, you're so… commanding. It's really hot." The blush crept further along Luke's skin, covering his chest, neck and face - reaching the tips of his ears.

Jean's mouth was dry and he ran his tongue out over his lips. He knew exactly what Luke was saying. He knew exactly that feeling and he hoped he wasn't going to ruin everything by expressing it.

"That's… what I wanted to ask you about… commanding. Dominating. I…"

Luke's eyes went a little wide and Jean wasn't completely sure but it seemed a good mix of nervousness and anticipation.

“Like, BDSM? Whips and chains and stuff…” Luke’s words seemed to dry in his throat and the look was definitely both anxious and eager. “I’ve never… but… if you… I would like to…”

Jean’s breath hitched in his chest and it tightened for a moment. He wondered if he should grab his inhaler. There was part of him that could appreciate the idea of Luke tied to the bed, letting himself be fucked hard. But that wasn’t what Jean wanted.

He let out the air from his lungs until they felt completely empty, and prayed his courage hadn’t been expelled with the breath. “No, I… I am in control all the time, I am in charge and I am good at it, I am powerful. But sometimes I want to… I want an escape. I want to give the power to someone else.” He swallowed thickly. “Not BDSM, nothing so involved as that… but with a lover I trust… I like to…”

Luke was frowning at him now, maybe he wasn’t comprehending. Jean moved to the naked man and pressed their bodies together so that Luke’s cock was hard against his hip.

He spoke in barely a whisper next to Luke’s ear, unsure whether he did it for the sensuality of the delivery or because he thought the words said too loudly would have a different impact. “Luke, I would like you to tie me to the bed and fuck me. I want you to have the control and do what you want with me, rough if you like.” The words had spilled out and he couldn’t take them back even if the little gasp from Luke made him want to.

He pulled back so that they were face to face and there was no repulsion there, but certainly concern.

“But I’ve never… we’ve never…” Luke swallowed hard. “I don’t... I don’t want to hurt you.”

It was not the first time Luke had fretted over his inexperience before Jean had led him through it. He pressed a kiss to Luke’s forehead. Of course he was no stranger to being in charge - he was editor in chief of his own publication, but Luke at work and Luke in the bedroom were not the same person as far as there was any telling. Not that Luke was submissive, but unsure and lacking in confidence on occasion, yes.

“You won’t darling, you won’t. We can have a system… if you do something I’m not comfortable with I will say amber, if you do something and I want you to stop I will say red.”

Luke frowned again but this time there was something else there that Jean couldn’t quite work out until his boyfriend said - “You’ve done this with other people.” It wasn’t a question but Jean gave a nod anyway. “I mean, of course… I mean… you’ve had other… I just…”

He pressed light kisses along Luke’s mouth, trying to reassure him. “I’ve had other lovers, yes. You have too.” He knew it was different though, he knew he was Luke’s first male lover. “And on occasion, on very few occasions I have done this. I’ve rarely trusted anyone as much as I trust you… I’ve never trusted any of them as much as I trust you.” He kissed Luke deeply then, only drawing back for a moment to breath out the words “I never wanted any of them as much as I want you.”

It was the truth, and Luke must have known it when he responded to Jean’s kiss.

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Jean had considered BDSM, thought about it but wasn't sure it was quite for him. All he wanted was to give his body over to someone else now and then. Feel the relief of not having control, of not having to be in command of all and every situation. He couldn't imagine doing this with anyone other than Luke now. There was no one else he wanted to have this control over him ever again.

Luke had nodded with only a little hesitation, some nervousness, but then proceeded to help undress Jean as they slowly kissed. It didn't take long before they were both naked on the bed and Jean was pulling his tie through his hands.

"Just this. Something simple. Is that ok?" he asked, but Luke didn't look as hesitant any more as he nodded and swallowed thickly.

He handed the tie over and held out his wrists. The first attempt was delicate and Jean smiled because Luke made his heart swell so much. But he urged him to retie it tighter and he did so, carefully watching Jean's face - he knew. Perhaps for signs of discomfort or for pleasure? Jean knew which would be clear as his cock stiffened with each pull on the tie.

Once tight and secure Jean moved to lie on his front, but Luke stopped him with a hand on his shoulder, pulling him back.

"No… I… I want to see you." Although the words started a little haltingly, *I want to see you* was so firm that it went straight to Jean's cock.

"Yes." It escaped him as a moan and he let Luke push him onto his back, his body spreading over Jean's as he forced his bound hands to the top of the bed. Luke hesitated for a moment and Jean hoped he wasn't having second thoughts but then realised he was actually looking to see if there was somewhere he could hook up his hands. A shudder went through him at the thought and he only wished he had an appropriate headboard that would allow it. He made a mental note to buy one as soon as possible.

Instead Luke pressed his wrists to the bed and looked down at him.

"Don't move them from here."

Damn, yes! Le Chiffre wasn't quite able to say the words aloud, wasn't able to express how turned on he was. The only time he had heard nice and sweet Luke sound so commanding was a work phone call he had taken once, that had been problematic and frustrating due to some print error or other. It had been problematic and frustrating for Jean too, and he had had to adjust himself under the dining table of the top end restaurant they had been in at the time.

He had been lost in thought for a moment but was brought back by Luke's mouth on his right nipple. He circled his tongue over it before drawing it into his mouth and then biting gently on the nub. Jean's cock strained against Luke's hip and in response Luke bit down a little harder. Gentle and sweet Luke who had loved his body with his hands and mouth before in an almost reverent way, was giving way to someone a little more experimental it would seem.

The shock of the pressure and slight pain made Jean arch forward, his hands coming off the bed.

Luke pushed him back and moved up so he was straddling his chest, pressing the hands down again. “I said not to move, Zotëri Le Chiffre!”

Jean stared at him wide-eyed and wondered what kind of glorious beast he had unleashed in the man he loved. His mouth went dry at the realisation he had not allowed before, so used to not letting people too close - he loved Luke Brandon.

The dryness in his mouth was resolved unknowingly by Luke as he claimed his lips and tongue with his own, hands still pressed down and cock now straining into thin air. Even so Le Chiffre felt already so close to cumming.

Luke pulled back once more, dragging his lips away and leaving Jean chasing them as he looked down at him. A thumb smoothed over his hungry lips.

“You are so beautiful. The first time I saw your mouth I wanted to kiss it.” A light peck then and the thumb was back, this time pushing inside Jean’s mouth and he sucked on it eagerly, having to stifle a whimper. Luke shifted himself, repositioned so he was able to replace his thumb - pushing his cock into Jean’s mouth. They both groaned as it slid to the back of Jean’s throat.

Luke braced himself on the headboard and began to move slowly, letting his thighs take his weight as he moved carefully within Jean. Jean wanted to grab his ass and pull him in, offer up his mouth to be fucked. Without the use of his hands he was only able to encourage by straining his neck and drawing on Luke hard. Luke groaned again and moved his hands to Jean’s hair - keeping him from taking more into his mouth.

“No… You said I’m in charge.” Luke was panting, his thighs straining as his hands tightened in Jean’s hair and began to fuck into his mouth. “Uhh, I love… your mouth…” Luke panted out the words. Jean blinked tears from his eyes, the hard cock hitting the back of his throat causing his eyes to water.

Luke tensed a little and Jean thought he might be about to cum, he wasn’t far off himself, but instead Luke suddenly drew back. He pulled out of Le Chiffre’s mouth and let his cock fall heavy onto his face, just beside his mouth.

“You know what I want.” Luke’s voice was rough with lust. “Ask me.” He cupped Jean’s jaw roughly. “Ask me for it, I know you want it too.”

“I want you to fuck me.” He knew his accent was thick, it was hard to get the words out through the pleasure coursing through him, that threatened to overwhelm him at any moment.

Luke shifted back in one steady motion and took Jean’s mouth again, hungrily devouring it as he slid down his body, hands pressing Jean’s legs as he went and settling between them as they spread. They kissed like that for a while, thick lengths rubbing together with no urgency, for which Jean was grateful as it pulled him back from the edge.

There was definitely some hesitation when Luke finally broke the kiss, a hand that had been resting on Jean's thigh now moved between them, to Jean's cock. He groaned when Luke took him in hand but was sure that it was just a moment's distraction.

Luke knew where the lube was kept so his hesitation couldn't have been on a practical level. Sure enough Luke moved off and opened the top bedside drawer, taking out lube and a condom before hesitating again.

"If you're uncertain-" he began but Luke swiftly pinned him to the bed.

"- I'm in control here. Isn't that right?"

"Yes." He breathed out the word on a sigh.

"Yes, what?" Luke snapped.

"Yes sir." His voice was rough to his own ears. He could feel sticky drops smearing between them and wasn't sure if they were leaking from his or Luke's cock, likely both.

Luke gave a smile, the sort he was sure was turned on employees when they were good. Part of him wanted to kill them all for having that smile shone at them. He was sure Luke wouldn't approve.

His thoughts were drawn back to their bodies and the way they slotted together, as fingers, cold and wet with lube, started to tentatively explore and he widened his legs in response. Each touch was gentle, but confident. Luke had not yet shied from anything in the bedroom, but this level of confidence was new and exciting. Giving Luke the control definitely seemed to bring something out in him - he was stepping up to the challenge of it as he always did in his personal and professional life.

Le Chiffre was trying not to writhe on the bed, every attempt to do so was met with firm pressure from the body above him. It had been a while since he had been fucked, and although Luke was trying he was still inexperienced - the sensations of not quite touching his prostate as he was being opened, had him on the edge. It was exquisite torture even though Luke likely didn't realise. Another glancing touch had him arch up only to be pushed back down again, the only course open to him now was begging.

"Please, Mr Brandon, fuck me. I need you."

He knew he could be a little better prepared given the time since he had done this last, but he just wanted Luke now and he was happy enough for it to be as rough as it came.

Luke seemed to shudder at his words and paused, took a breath, before sitting on his haunches. Le Chiffre took the time to centre himself, the teasing agony ceasing for now. The anticipation was tightening his chest, though he ignored the sensation in favour of watching Luke's face as he rolled on a condom and lubed his cock with a few even strokes. His face was serene - a little pressure relieved from the build up he was evidently feeling as well.

Luke's hands went to his thighs, stroking softly to part his legs further and Le Chiffre relaxed back in response. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation of Luke lining up his cock and pressing in. He could feel that he was really tight and that Luke was being gentle. When Luke withdrew a little and pushed back in, Le Chiffre pushed against him, bearing down until he took all of Luke into him.

Luke's eyes went wide and then closed and a groan Jean had never heard before spilled from his lips. It mixed with his own moan at the sharp edge of discomfort and a little pain - though all pleasure. Their lips were together again when Luke started to fuck into him, and there was no other way to describe it. Previously they had been exploratory, Jean had been gentle and leading, sometimes vigorous but never rough.

One hand gripped Jean's thigh and the other moved up to hold the bound hands to the bed.

"Just remember Le Chiffre, I'm in control here and you will not cum until I say so." Luke's expression was serious, as he might look in a board meeting, Jean mused. Ironically the words almost had him over the edge but he pushed down the urge and tried to focus. This was something he had only done on occasion before and it was such an all consuming task - though one of immeasurable pleasure - that he had rarely managed it. It felt like those times before had been leading to this - this chance to please the Dom he had brought out in Luke.

The fucking was rough, Luke felt much bigger than he was and the friction was just the right side of painful. Luke let his head drop forward as he set a steady pace. He perked up and took note when on one angled thrust Jean let out an sharp and involuntary cry. Luke's smile was more of a lopsided grin as he realised he had perfectly hit against Jean's prostate. He repeated the motion again and again, until Jean was a mess. So close, painfully close but determined to follow Luke's command.

Luke must obviously knew because he reiterated "Not until I say." Though the words came out breathless and haltingly they still carried a commanding tone. And this was absolute pleasure now, almost too much - as Luke brought him closer to the edge that was being denied to him. Being bound and pinned and fucked without power over his own pleasure was exactly what he wanted. What he wanted from Luke.

Beautiful, charming, strong Luke who had been so perfect a match for him on so many levels and even on this, something he had worried might scare the man away. But instead he was fucking Le Chiffre hard and then he was cumming. Jean squeezed his eyes tight shut and tried to ignore the friction as Luke lowered himself a little as he continued to thrust slowly through his orgasm - catching his cock between them.

And then Luke's hand was on his cock and he stroked it once, then a second time before saying "I want you to cum now." Two more long strokes and Jean came hard, crying out Luke's name.

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They lay spent for quite some time. Luke still on top of him though no longer inside him, his own mess between them. They breathed heavily and the tightness in Jean's chest had not

abated. As Luke's breathing returned to normal he pulled back and looked at him with concern before reaching to the bedside drawers and grabbing the inhaler Jean kept there.

Luke sat up and back so that he once more straddled his hips, as he shook the inhaler and then moved it to Jean's lips. He pressed down twice, puffing the ventolin into Le Chiffre's mouth before removing it. Jean continued to take steadying breaths though the tightness abated.

"That good huh?" Luke smiled as he placed the inhaler back and then pulled Jean's hands to him to undo the tie.

"It was… you were magnificent."

Jean enjoyed the blush that rose from Luke's chest to his cheeks.

"If I'm honest, I didn't think I'd enjoy it… but…"

"You are a natural Dom?" Le Chiffre gave a lopsided smile.

"Well, I do like bossing people around." Luke grinned back. "It's not something I haven't thought about before, in the past I mean. I guess you could say I'm not especially kinky but who hasn't thought about bringing handcuffs or something into the bedroom."

He was undoing the tie slowly, letting the material caress Jean's skin as each knot was undone.

"I just didn't think our first… my first time… like that, would be… I mean, I liked it, but is that what you want? It's ok if it is…" He hurried the last part though it seemed genuine.

"It's what I wanted tonight. Sometimes I like to let someone else take control, sometimes I don't. Is that something you are ok with?" He tried to keep the worry from his tone. But Luke nodded and smiled.

"Maybe not every time we do… this. And uh… I have to admit, as much as I enjoyed this, I really like it the other way around too. I've been uh… enjoying that." The blush deepened a little and Jean found that he was strangely fond of the way Luke avoided talking explicitly about sex, rather than annoying as he might find it with someone else.

Jean smiled at the words as the tie finally came loose and Luke started running it over in his hands. "Of course. And really, there is nothing to say we cannot do both - perhaps next time you can dominate me whilst you use me to fuck yourself." The thought already blossoming in his mind. Luke gave a sort of shy smile but nodded in agreement.

Jean had a sudden and overwhelming desire to work for Luke. Not that he'd actually ever get any work done. The man was distracting enough already. Even so, being with Luke sometimes made him consider his own life choices. The things he had done for money, the things he had planned that he now doubted because the deeper he delved into organised crime the more money he made, and the more chance he had of losing Luke. The thought chilled him.

It only took a moment to clear all the thoughts from Jean's head as Luke's smile lit up his face and he dangled the tie between them.

"You may have control again now Zotëri Le Chiffre, but I'm keeping the tie. It's perfect for my meeting on Monday. You can think of me bossing around a room full of people whilst wearing it." Luke grinned.

Le Chiffre smiled back and pulled Luke down for a kiss, but the truth was Luke already had all of the control. Le Chiffre had given it to him when he gave him his heart.

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